

Distress upon Distress:
O R,
T R A G E D Y
I N T R U E T A S T E.

A HEROI—COMI—PARODI—TRAGEDI—FAR-
CI—CAL B U R L E S Q U E.
I N T W O A C T S.

By George Alexander Stevens.

With all the SIMILIES, RANTS, GROANS, SIGHS, &c.
entirely New.

Dedicated to the RIGHT-COMICAL
L. C. J. I S A A C S P A R K S.
W I T H

Annotations, Dissertations, Explanations, Obser-
vations, Emendations, Quotations, Restorations, &c.

By Sir H E N R Y H U M M.
A N D

NOTES CRITICAL, CLASSICAL and HISTORICAL.

By P A U L U S P U R G A N T I U S P E D A S C U L U S.

Who has carefully Revised, Corrected and Amended
it, Expunged the several Errors and Interpolations,
Reconciled the various Readings, and Restored
the A U T H O R to Himself.

D U B L I N:

Printed for the A U T H O R, by JAMES ESDALL
on *Cork Hill*.
M D C C L I I.

To the RIGHT COMICAL

Lord Chief Justice *SPARKS*, &c.

May it please Your LORDSHIP,

LIFE, as SHAKESPEAR says, is like a poor Player, and a poor Player is like to be a poor Life; nay, any Life, unless tolerably acted, is like to be a poor one.

THE World's a Stage, Life an irregular Drama, our Passions are the Players, our Senses the Scenes, and Reason a drowsy Part of the Audience, that cannot, or will not mind what's performing around him.

*Life is but a Joke—and our Art at the best,
Is solely in making the most of the Jest.*

To help the Joke on, you greatly contribute, and I sometimes am allow'd to play an under Part to you.

LET me not rake up the Ashes of the Dead; disturb the Manes of the Great deceased, or furnish the Trophies of antient Law-Givers, to make a Panegyric on your Lord Chief Justiceship. Come thou Sons of sterling Humour, *Lu-*

cian, Rablais, Cervantes, and *THOU*, the most witty, most worthy of all immortal *SWIFT*, inspire me. Teach me to paint *THEE* and thy Court——It will not be——not one Ray of all their mighty Power will they beam on me—unhappy Rustic.

SUFFER me then, as Your *Attorney-General*, to address You, and offer a Case to Your Lordship which comes immediately under Your Jurisdiction.

It is the whole Art and Mystery of

HUM-BUGGING.

This is a very ancient Science, and as *Maimonedes* reports, in the *Munster M S S.* was first taught by the *Agyptians*.

Hermes Trismegistus, and *Zoroaster*, were *Hieroglyphical Hummers*.

THE first found out the *Philosophers Stone*, the other invented *Oracles*.

It is very difficult to come to a right Account of those dark and fabulous Ages. The first Authors of Antiquity to be depended upon for their Veracity, are, *Herodotus*, *Ælian*, *Pliny the Naturalist*, and Sir *John Mandevile*.

IN the Life of *Thersites*, *Herodotus* gives us an Account of a very remarkable *Hum*. It was called, *The Trojan Horse*; though some Authors will tell you it was a *Mare*; others, that it was a *Cow*; and that the Model of it being preserved in the *Cretan Museum* gave *Dædalus* the Hint for carrying on the Intrigue for Madam *Pasiphaæ* with *Euro-pa's Galloway*.

ULRS

ULYSSES we may set down as a tolerable *Hummer*; *vide* the Reports, Cases, and Trials, of *Rhesus*, *Achilles*, *Palamedes*, *Philoctetes*, *Ajax*, *Circe*, *Calypso*, &c. &c.

LADY Penelope, his Spouse, was not a Jot behind Hand with him. She carried on a good Sort of a *Joke* on her Side the Water. Ah, my LORD, that undoing at *Night* what has been done in the *Day* is too often the Case at present with most of the Male and Female Descendants from *Adam*.

HER Web is a good Emblem of the Morning Resolves of Sobriety, and the Evening Temptations to break them.

IN vain may we reason dispassionately, declare for Abstinence and good Hours. It is all but a Web. At Night, Claret and good Company unravel all our Resolutions.

AND faith, *entre nous*, I think we are in the Right of it. Time will not stay for us, why should we stay for Time. The future Moments are scarcely worth reflecting on, the past too painful to remember, and the present only fit for Laughter. Let us then socially sacrifice to *Mirth* and *true Humour*. As in the ancient Days of Pleasantry our Forefathers tasted the Sweets of joyful Society

THE *Spirit of Hospitality* presided at their Tables; *Wit* and *good Humour* were their Companions; and *Fancy* furnish'd out the Feast.

BUT to return to my History.

ALEXANDER the Great was a famous *Hummer*; he persuaded the *Macedonians* into a Belief he

he was the Son of *Jupiter* ; but he carried the Joke rather too far ; for he believed it himself at last ; so may properly be said to be *self-bumm'd*. Like the Miser who pick'd his own Pocket.

ALCIBIADES was certainly a very great Master of this Science : But why should I disturb the tawny Mold of these dust-converted Heroes ; not, but there were some very pretty Fellows formerly to be sure. For Instance,

SCIPIO was a very modest Fellow, yet I take *Laelius* to be but a led *Captain*, and *Socrates* little better than a *Putt* ; *Demosthenes* said a great many good Things, and *Cæsar* had certainly something very smart about him ; *Mark Anthony* was a very *jemmy Fellow*, and *Cleopatra* quite the Thing to be sure ; *Lucretia* was a Fright, and *Virginius* a Beast of a Fellow ; *Virgil* had a good deal of the Gentleman about him, and *Horace* was a very honest Fellow ; *Ovid* was a good Woman's Man, and *Cicero* tolerable Company ; but what's all this to the Purpose, if the fine Fellows of former Ages were alive now, they would be looked on little better than *Tramontanes*.

For pray, what Figure would *Phocion* cut in a *Pump-Room*, or how would *Hannibal* behave in a *Minuet*. *Ulysses* might do something at *Broughton's*, perhaps, but what would become of *Aristides* at a *Masquerade*, or who would take *Epaminondas* for a Partner at a *Card-Table*.

It is not by slaying of Monsters, founding of Empires, or being tempest-toss'd for half a score Years, we now become great. The System of Life is intirely altered. If we must give Battle, what can we better kill than our Time. And if we would do any Thing for Posterity, we may endeavour to increase the infant Inhabitants of the
Foundling

Foundling-Hospital, and as to encountring Fatigues, the rude Jolts of a Hackney-Coach over the rough irregular Streets, broken Pavement, is enough to discompose the Oeconomy of both Limbs and Linnen of the prettiest Fellow existing.

I BEG Pardon for this Digression, and shall leave the Ancients to their Commentators and look in-to our own Times, see how far this *Humbugg* (or *Humbuzz*, as *Ben Johnson* calls it.) I say, see how far it has spread.

Its Etymology is difficult to ascertain; though *Machaon* in his *Tuscan Treatise*, upon *Muscular Motion*, derives it from the Sounds which issued from the Nostrils of the *Phœnician Fanatics*, when they pretended to undergo the Operation of the Spirit. No bad *Hum* that, nor badly propogated since. It became general in *Cromwel's* Time, who must be allowed a *Hero in Humming*.

IN the merry Days of King *Charles* the Second, all these formal Fashions were banish'd, and a new Branch of this Science was introduced by *Jack Bite* and Miss *Quibble*, who lived very handsomely at the Court by selling Bargains.

THEY have continued, Courtiers-like, in esteem and out, as Caprice and Constitution commanded, till a younger Brother, tired of *Levee* Dependance, struck a bold Stroke, and set up for himself.—The Story is thus:

YOUNG HUMM, the Buck I speak of, is a collateral Descendant from the House of *Legend*. A long Time he had been put to his Shifts, rambling about sometimes as a *Gipsy*, a *Mountebank Doctor*, a *Methodist Preacher*, an *Italian Count*, a *Fortune Hunter*, a *decay'd Gentleman*, an *Occulist*, &c. at last he struck at the Stage, and resolved to commence

commence *Astor*. He made his first Appearance in the little Theatre in the *Haymarket*, in the Character of a *Bottle Conjurer*.

WHAT became of him afterwards I could never learn, till by the late Advertisement for *Macklin's* Benefit, we find that *Astor* has employed him to fill his House for him.

I WISH Your Lordship would lay a Fine on all such Pretenders to Wit, Science, &c. That no Pedlar in Poetry, no plagiarist Humourist, no unclassical Critic, shall have Liberty to vend his Dregs for true Doctrine.

FOR my own Part, I shall, as Your *Attorney General*, prefer a Bill against all Pretenders to Humour, who dare practise without being able to shew a sensible Diploma; or, at least a Deputation from the Court of good Humour.

THAT is the Court in which all Men ought to practice in, especially all those who with natural or acquired Qualifications are capable of taking upon them the Character of fine Companions.

WITH Submission to Your Lordship's Judgment. I cannot help giving it as my Opinion, that however fame-worthy Wit, Wisdom, and Learning are, Good nature is much their superior.

My esteeming Good nature before Wit, &c. may be thought in me to proceed from the common Vice of Railing at what I cannot enjoy.

I ALLOW it; yet must beg leave to observe, that, although Wit is very pleasing, it is sometimes as hurtful, it often raises up a Foe, seldom makes a Friend.

A MAN

A MAN of Wit and Humour may justly be compared to a beautiful Girl without a Fortune; they both attract many Admirers, who pay strong court for Possession, but it is momentary Self-Gratification only they aim at. After, long Enjoyment blunts the Edge of Appetite, and familiarity renders every one wish'd-for Perfection common. Satiety succeeds Desire, and the former Lovers are no longer anxious after Enjoyment. What is then to become of those Victims to Frolic. The Girl languishes out her disease-shortened Days in an Hospital; and the Man of Wit, broken-hearted, perishes in Goal, under the miserable Reflections of mispent Time and baseless Friendships.

BUT, Mr. SPARKS, give me Leave seriously to address you, and in this public Manner declare, That if every one, who likes you as an Actor, was to be a Witness, like me, of Your Behaviour in private Life, You would, if *possible*, be much more respected than You are at present. You are very pleasing as an Actor, highly diverting as a Companion, but more praise-worthy as a *Man*. I know You to be a sensible Friend, an indulgent Father, and an affectionate Husband. These are Qualities none can exceed, few come up to. When the Sallies of Wit and Humour shall decay, when the Grape's enlivening Juice becomes Tasteless, and when the best Company ceases to be entertaining, this Character shall remain. Then in Your last, in Your latest Moments, shall You enjoy the secret Satisfaction of an honest well-spent Life.

LONG may those Moments be distant.

I HAVE almost thought my self into a Fit of the Vapours, and I believe, at this present Read-

ing, You are not much better ; therefore, if Your Lordship pleases, I'll call a new Cause, and consider of ——— what ——— why my self, tho' that is a Topic hardly worth Consideration, and what, indeed, I am very unfit for.

METHINKS some hasty Readers may cry out, What is all this about, this *Humdrum*? What a Plague does this *Stevens* trouble us with himself and such Stuff. Why that's true, faith, I can plead nothing in defence of this Paper-wasting Practise, this CACOETHES SCRIBENDI (there's Learning my Lord) I say I can plead nothing in defence of my self but Idleness and the Fashion, and if they don't acquit me -- why I'm undone, that's all.

YOU say in Your EPILOGUE, that the Town is the Jury : To them therefore I submit, and if any Performance of mine, either as an Author, or Actor, can amuse them, my End is answered, my Labour paid : But if, on the contrary, I'm condemned, why, Silk-Worm like, I'll wrap my self up in my own Labours, and dose out the rest of my Days, in Dirt and Despair, a miserable *Memento* to all wou'd be Wits my Cotemporaries.

IT is very hard to be witty, and a melancholy Thing, very melancholy indeed, when we want to arrive at Wit. And Dulness, (fast Friend to us Rhime-Makers) claps an Embargo on our Understandings. But though I can't come at Wit I may at Sincerity, and possessed of that, dare say, if a single Page in the following Burlesque meets with Approbation from the Readers of Taste in this Metropolis, I shall from thenceforth begin to have a good Opinion of a certain Son of Indiscretion, called,

Dublin, May
1st, 1752.

Geo. Alex. Stevens.

N. B. For the Benefit of all Theatrical Puffers
Hummers, &c. here is a Copy of Mr. MACK-
lin's last Advertisement.

For the Benefit of Mr. MACKLIN.

A T T H E

THeatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, on Wed-
nesday the 8th of April, will be presented
a Comedy——

After which will be exhibited, a New Dramatic
Satire, of two Acts, called

Covent-Garden Theatre:

O R,

PASQUIN turn'd *DRAWCANSIR*.

Censor of Great-Britain.

*Written on the Model of the Comedies of Aristophanes, and the
Pasquinades of the Italian Theatre in Paris:*

With Chorusses of the People after the Manner of
the Greek Drama.

The Parts of the Pit, the Boxes, the Galleries, the
Stage, and the Town, to be performed

By **THEMSELVES** for their Diversion ;

The Parts of several dull disorderly Characters, in
and about St. James's, to be performed

By **CERTAIN PERSONS**, for Example ;

And the Part of Pasquin-Drawcansir, to be
performed

By his **CENSORIAL HIGHNESS**,

For his Interest.

The Satire to be introduced by an Oration, and
to conclude by a Peroration ; Both to be spoken
from the Rostrum, in the Manner of certain
Orators,

By Signior *PASQUIN*.

THE
GENEALOGY
OF THE
AUTHOR.

I OWEN LLWYDDGMACH DUOLLECHYRFDSFITH,
Genealogist,

Having well and faithfully examined all the
Records relating to the Family of our AUTHOR,
find him duly and truly poetically Begot, being a
Descendant, in a Right Line, from the famous

Joan la Pucelle, commonly call'd the Maid of Orleans.

She falling in Love with *Monf. Rondeau*, Madri-
gall Maker to the Court, bore him one Son, who
for the Incontinency of his Mother, was forced to
take the Vow of Celibacy upon him and turn Monk.

He invented those Rhymes, afterwards called
Leonine Verses;

But eloping from the Monastery, he hired himself
to a *German Anagrammatist*,

Whose Daughter he married, and she bare him a
Son called *Johannes Initialis*, Inventor of Acrostics.

Signiora Cramboni, Rebus-Maker to the *Basso Re-
lievo*

The Genealogy of the AUTHOR. 13

lievo College at *Padua*, married *Jobannes*, and they had one Child call'd

DORMIO DRAMATICO.

He first added Verses to the Ends of Acts of heroic Plays, vulgarly called *Tragedy Taggs*.

From him came *Tom Travesty*, *Dubartas*, and *Elkanah Settle*, Motto-Maker and Professor of Poetry to my Lord-Mayors Pageants. He wrote a Play call'd *Pope Joan*, and taking a Fancy to the Lady who acted the Heroine, he married her, and she bore him a Son, the original Composer of *Bellman's Verses*; his Name was *Dactyle*, he married into the *Spondee* Family, a Sister of the House of *Pindarics*.

Who put the *London Cries* into *Metre*.

These were Great-Grand-Father and Mother to our
AUTHOR.

His Grandfather was Prologue-Writer to *Powel's Puppet-Show*; and his Grandmother Poesy-Poetess for Wedding-Rings.

His own Father was Distich Maker to Sign-Painters, and his Mother made *St. Giles's* best Ballads.

As to himself, he never before this Attempt arrived at any Thing greater than writing Couplets, for Astrologers to decorate Almanacks with, or now-and-then assisting at an *Ænigma* for the Magazine.

He has met with great Success in composing *Valentines*: And once put up for the Place of Epitaph Maker to the Company of Tombstone-Cutters.

This Publication is therefore made to enable him to stand Candidate for the Employment of

HISTORIOGRAPHER to the *HOTTENTOTS*.

Which Place now being vacant he hopes to fill with Reputation, as he happens to be related to the chief Families in that Kingdom.

Distress

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

'Squire Fanfly,

Beverage, *a Vintner,*

Spunge, *a led Captain,*

Gamble, *a Sharper,*

Phlebotome, *a mad Doctor,*

Scarebabe, *his Man.*

Caustic, *a Corn-Cutter,*

Jack Handy, *the 'Squire's Gentleman.*

W O M E N.

Capriola, *a Ropedancer,*

Arietta, *an Opera Singer,*

Miss Languish, *an Heiress,*

Sybilla, *her Governess,*

The 'Squire's Mama.

Constable, Watch, Ghost, Attendants.

Distress upon Distress.

A C T I.

SCENE I. AIR I.

*Enter GAMBLE in a Passion **.*Sings.*

WOE heap'd on Woe, as Wave on Wave,
 A Sea of Sorrows fills my Breast †,
 Can mortal Man more Trouble have?
 By Love and Debt at once oppress'd ‡.

* This Passage has occasioned many Disputes among the Learned, how a Man could sing, if he was in a Passion? But it is easily set to rights, by supposing GAMBLE to be a *Welch-man*. PAULUS PURGANTIUS.

† This is a very just Metaphor: For as Tears are of a very briny or salt Nature, they are aptly expressed by the Sea.

‡ These are very natural Distresses, and I believe one Way or other affect every Reader. HENRY HUM.

It is necessary here to premise the Art of the Author, in so well opening of his Poem, consonant to his Title-Page. For it is *Distress upon Distress*, for a Man to be in Love and Debt at the same Time.

Enter

Enter SPUNGE in a Fury, and trips up GAMBLE †.

GAMBLE.

Whence this Insult?

SPUNGE.

Insult, Sir?

GAMBLE.

Ay, Insult!

SPUNGE.

Be calm a Moment, and a Moment mind,
Attentive list with philosophic Ear *;
From Passion purged.

AIR II.

GAMBLE.

Sir, you're a Scoundrel—— (*Loud Symphony.*
Sir, a Scoundrel, Damme †—— (*Da Capo.*

† This tripping up is perfectly pantomimical, and has been used with very great Success in several dramatic Entertainments, particularly King LEAR, where the Gentleman-Usher trips another Gentleman up with a very good Grace; and the Audience, as well as the several royal Personages it is done before, is convinced, that the Master of the Ceremonies is a very good Wrestler. H. H.

* *And philosophic bear.*—— This is the true reading. Ear is a pedantic Interpolation, alluding to an old Maxim in the Schools. *H non est Litera.* P. P.

† *Dam me quasi da me, pro mihi, vel redde mihi,* or give me, or unto me, Satisfaction, Porphyrius Torrentius, and Lambinus, concur with me in the reading; for we cannot suppose, in a dramatic Performance, the Author would allow any Personages of the Drama to swear.

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE.

Thy boiling Rage in frothy Phrase reeks out :
Repell'd by Reason's Shield, condens'd, the Steam,
In dribbling Drops, falls down *——my Wrath
subsides.

GAMBLE.

Sir, I'll be damn'd——

SPUNGE.

You may ; †

GAMBLE.

I say I will, before I'll put this up ;
Therefore be quick, and give me Satisfaction.

Enter BEVERAGE.

BEVERAGE.

Be quiet, Puppies, are you drunk,
Or dreaming ? Is this a Day to fight on ?
This brave Day, when our young Landlord
Fansly's come of Age.

SPUNGE.

No, I was wrong, I'll take another Time.

* This is a fine physical, hydrostatical Metaphor.

For any Fluid rarified by Heat, when it meets with a cold Medium immediately condensing, conglobes in pearly Particles, adhering to the chilly metalline, or lignified Superficies. *H. H.*

What Body it was that the elemental Effluvia adhered to, I was long unable to determine ; but fancy the Annotator must mean, by the Word Superficies, a Kettle's Covering, commonly called, a Pot-lid ; and the Words, metalline and lignified, I take to relate to the essential Quality of Matter it was made out of. *P. P.*

† This is wrong pointed: He has stopped this Line with a Semi-colon, and it should be with a Colon.

Distress upon Distress.

BEVERAGE.

Another Time, what Time? Hark ye, my
 Friend,
 Since you're for Time, pray give me Leave to
 speak *,
 What Time to pay this Bill off, will you take?

GAMBLE.

We have gone too far.

BEVERAGE.

Yes, in my Debt you have.
 So I have seen, in an unfurnish'd Room †,
 A needy Spider raise his air-spread Loom;
 From one poor Speck at first his Web begins,
 Thread after Thread, the Tax-free Tenant spins,
 Day after Day, thus you've increas'd your Score,
 You've spun your Threads out, and I'll trust no more.

SPUNGE.

Either I dream, or else I am awake †,
 Did not I hear my dear Miss *Molly* speak?
 So have I seen——I can't tell what at present,
 But something, somewhere, very like her.

* Here is a quibbling on the Word *Time*, which is beneath the Dignity of a Tragedy Writer. To be sure, the Man had a Right to ask for his Money; but as the other does not seem ready to comply, the Demand was certainly not well *timed*.
P. P.

† So I have seen——very unclassical——*Lege*. So have I seen.
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† He is either one or t'other. This is reducing Things to a Certainty, and indeed I wish all our modern Tragedy Writers would be as explicit; for it is impossible sometimes to tell by their Writings, whether they are asleep or awake.

BEVERAGE.

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Come, leave your ogling, let's attend the Squire.
For him, the sparkling Glas shall oft go round,
For him, our Streets in strong *October's* drown'd,
For him, each pimpled Cheek shall redder grow,
For us he comes; and therefore Friends we'll go.

(*Exeunt BEVERAGE and GAMBLE.*)

SPUNGE.

I will but make a Simile and follow:

So——so——so,

I don't know how to stay, or how to go.

Like some poor spunging Guest, who drinks his
Part,

But when the Reck'ning's call'd, sleeps o'er the
Quart,

When waked and question'd what he has to pay,

His Money gone, he don't know what to say,

* But like me, softly takes himself away.

(*Exit on Tiptoe.*)

SCENE II.

Enter Miss MOLLY and her GOVERNESS.

MISS.

How long, Mama, must I request in vain?

Sigh for Delights, yet ne'er Delights obtain †.

Want, wish, and whimper, whimper, wish, and
want,

I will not bear it longer, no nor can't.

* I do not understand how a Man can take himself away;
yet it is a common Phrase among the love-selling Ladies of Co-
went-Garden, Drury-Lane, the Strand, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

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† More Distress.

Distress upon Distress.

GOVERNESS.

These fixty Years come *Lammas*, I ne'er knew,
A Miss so mad, so Husband hot as you.

MISS.

Within my Trunk, I secretly have hid,
'Tis yet untouch'd, a Pot of Marmalade;
To you I'll give it, grant me?

GOVERNESS.

Never speak it.

MISS.

Why then the Devil fetch me but I'll break it *.
Shall I still Samplers stitch, or all the Day,
Like a mere Child, with jointed Babies play?
You'll break my Heart, dear Ma'am, what do you
mean?
I'm now no Girl, this Month I've been fourteen,
Soon I'll be wed, I hope, and bedded too,
I am old enough, tho' not so old as you.

GOVERNESS.

Long have I hobbled, wrinkled thro' this Life,
A Virgin, Widow, and a widow'd Wife †.

* Here Reader, in this Speech there is an Antitheses worthy Observation. It consists of the different *Modus* which Miss MOLLY makes use of, in applying the Verb *Break*.

First, as breaking the Pot of Marmalade.

Secondly, as breaking her own Heart.

I could have been better pleased with it, had the Verb been both Times used in the first Person. H. H.

† By way of *Ænigma*. H. H.

I've

I've try'd all Troubles, I have felt the Jars
Of Cholics, Cramps, Histerics, and Catarrhs *.
Yet never grumbled, never look'd awry,
Till now you force me——fye upon ye fye.

§ *Enter ARIETTA, with two Tragedy Handkerchiefs.*

ARIETTA.

Oh, who wou'd put their Trust in faithless Man?
Have I for him refused the Lord knows who,
Pensions and Placemen, Dukes, *Et Cetera* †.
Oh I cou'd tear my Tucker, burn my Tete,
Let me have Room to rave in, now I fret,
Pray let me fan myself——Lord, how I sweat ¶. }

M I S S.

Ma'am, with Submission, but I beg to know, }
If you think fit to sit a Bit or so, }
If Love, it is the Cause of your o'erthrow? }

* Distress again. P. P.

§ Common Distress is represented by one Tragedy Handkerchief; but as this is uncommon Distress, and two-fold, the Author has judiciously doubled the Hieroglyphic. P. P.

† *Plotinus*, in his Dissertation upon Semi-colons, mightily recommends the Use of an *Et Cetera*. And *Gerrard Van Bergen*, in the six Volumes he has published upon the Use and Antiquity of an Hyphen, has given us its Etymology and Cuts, how it is used by various Nations. H. H.

¶ Though this may seem somewhat indelicate, it is very natural. For to be in a Passion, or be in a Heat, are compatible, nay sometimes synonymous. Now it is not at all contradictory to the animal System to suppose, that when any one is in a Heat, Perspiration may ensue. P. P.

ARIETTA.

Distress upon Distress.

ARIETTA.

Madam, your Servant, but pray now be seated,
Heigh, ho! Lord help me, I'm so tosticated *.
Know ye, young *Fansly's* Lady?

MISS.

Very well. ———

ARIETTA.

Miss, you'll excuse me, but I think it 'tant.

MISS.

Dear, Madam, proceed, I vow I meant no Harm.

GOVERNESS.

No, that I'll swear for, pray, Ma'am, don't be warm.

ARIETTA.

Then Ladies know I was, but what of that?
I am at present, but I don't know what †.

On

* *Pro* intoxicated, *aude* common Conversation.

To mutilate, metamorphise, and transmigrate the *English* Language, is at present the polite Taste, while on the contrary, the Under-bred, instead of curtailling out of an unwonted Generosity, add to their Dialect. *e. g.* *Mem pro Madam at St. James's.* *Missur's pro Madam, St. Giles's.* *H. H.*

Here I cannot help observing at a Particularity of Stile used by Tradesmen, Brokers, &c. of the Metropolis of *Great-Britain*. They look on the Pronouns *He* or *I* to be no ways essential in their Advertisements, but think the Word *Said* sufficient.

And I hear there is a Complaint lodged in *Nassau Court*, by said Pronouns, backed by Particle *The*, against *Dublin News Printers*, for same Fault. Said Printers not given said Words fair Play in Advertisements.

† *Don't know what.*

This Line is perfectly metaphysical. For her Ideas being certainly

On that fam'd Stage, where *Perseus* oft has flew,
Where *Faustus* conjur'd, and where *Orpheus* play'd,
With warbling Songs, I've charm'd attentive
Crouds,

And Lords done Homage round me as at Court.
The Levee-throng'd Dependants watch their Prince,
To catch the secret Whisper, snatch his Smiles,
And then strut happy Home, big grown with Hope.
At length, one fatal Eve the Squire came,
Protested Love, presented, but, O Gods!
His Words were weighty, for his Gifts were large.
He begg'd, I granted, but I can no more:
He's lost, I'm left, and all my Splendour's o'er †.

M I S S.

Madam, for once, a Girl's Advice receive,
No longer for the unconstant *Fansy* grieve.
Were I like you, I'd all Resentment smother,
And since I've lost one Love, I'd get another §.

G O V E R N E S S.

Be ruled, good Madam, think how old I am,
Take my Advice, my Dear, and drink a Dram †.

certainly too circumstantially disturbed, *i. e.* (disturbed by her present Circumstances) it was impossible by this Parity of Reasoning, she could form a proper Assemblage of them, or range them in a just Order, to think what she was.

† More Distress. H. H.

§ Natural enough. P. P.

† Very natural that too. H. H.

ARIETTA.

ARIETTA.

Wou'd I were drunk; nay, drunk I will be too,
And when I am I'll make the Devil to do*.
Ye gilded Chariot, and ye rich Brocade,
And the dear † Joys of midnight Masquerade,
A long Adieu, now thro' the filthy Town,
In dirty Hackney, and in plain silk Gown,
Must I be drove; perhaps 'tis worse decreed,
And thro' the Streets in Pattens I must tread.
Perhaps mend Stockings; O, ye cruel Gods!
Or scrub my Flesh off in the sharp Soap-Suds.

GOVERNESS.

Hope for the best, my Dear, fend for the Squire.

ARIETTA.

I to the Creature fend, excuse me Ma'am,
What like a Wife petition? if I do;
And now, I think on't, I will make a Vow. §
Hear

* Clymax of Naturalities. H. P.

† I am at a Loss how to understand the Adjective *dear*, whether it relates to the Dearness of the Ticket, or whether the Joys she had there were dear *pro* endear'd to her.

§ *Make a Vow*—This Vow is made with premeditation, and as it ought to be; for tho' Swearing is at present in tip top Taste, and *quite the Thing*, I don't believe the Generality of Gentlemen Curfers take a sufficient Time to recollect what they are going to do when they swear; for it is proper to consider, that an Oath may be sometimes used *periodically*, sometimes *expletively*, at other Times by way of *corroboration*.

Further, I must needs say, that tho' there are some Persons, called Clergymen, who will make a Buffle about Duty, Decency, and Religion, and pretend, indeed, to have Swearing abolish'd, it would be as pernicious to Conversation, as the Prohibition of Spirits would be to Dram-Drinkers; For as Oaths not only interlard but make up two Parts in three of several Persons Conversation,

* Hear me ye Naiads, Fairies, Nymphs and Fawns,
Who wanton lave amidst the chrystal Streams ;
That o'er the smooth-worn Pebbles plays
Thro' flow'ry Vales, and daisy-sprinkled Meads :
And ye who govern the high-waving Woods ;
Who secret dwell in sun-sequestred Groves,
And nightly dance thro' arch-embower'd Walks,
Ye Hamodryads hear! Ye sullen Gnomes
That flit on foggy Clouds from Earth uprais'd :
Ye purer Sylphs, that skim the midway Air ;
And all ye Genii of the Deep attend.
If I request, Petition, send, or sue,
May Thunder split my Snuff-box all to pieces,
And Lightnings burn my *Brussels* Mob to Ashes.

MISS.

But you'll see him Madam.

versation, what could those choice Spirits say if they were not to swear. Why, upon the nicest Calculation, according to *de Moivre*, *Symphon Lebnitz*, &c. it therefore follows, that they must be condemned to sit silent two Thirds of that Time they now fill up with such elegant Volubility, P. P. H. H.

There is something so daringly wicked in this calling upon God to confirm a momentous Relation, or upon the least Affront received, commanding a Deity to condemn them to eternal Perdition, that I cannot think common Swearers believe there is a God that hears them ; or, perhaps, more modest, imagine the Deity thinks such Reptiles too much below his Notice to punish.

* Here is a long Speech, which, I believe, was introduced for no other Design than to show the Author was deep read in Romance, and had a tolerable or intolerable Knack at Description. P. P.

He is to be commended for it, since as every Reader is look'd on as a Guest, and an Author is to furnish out as good a Feast as he can for the Reader's Entertainment ; and, as at Gentlemen's Houses vast Pieces of Plate, ornamented, tho' useless, adorn the Side-board ; so, as Authors can seldom, that way, please their Guests, they are right to open the Richness of their Fancy for them. H. H.

D

ARIET

ARIETTA.

I'll be blind first truly ; no, I'll now,
With weary, wandering, melancholy, tread ;
Goaded by Grievs, disconsolately creep :
On the soft Pillow rest my aching Head,
Sob like a Child, and figh my self to sleep,
Snore out my Wrongs and dream——the Lord
knows what

What I in Vision see, that I'll fullfil,
If 'tis my Blood, or Pen-dipt-Ink to spill :
To end my Woes at once by well-set Knife *,
Or vindicate my Wrongs, and write my Life †.

(Exit curt' sying.

SCENE *Moorefields.* Enter PHLEBOTOME.

PHLEBOTOME.

The Morning rises black, as black as Ink ;
Perhaps *Apollo* has a dirty Shirt on :
It looks as if 'twou'd Rain, or Hail, or snow ;
It looks, methinks, it looks I don't know how ;
Hah ! Who comes here ? Are you, or are you not, ‡

Enter SCAREBABE.

SCAREBABE.

I am Sir.

PHLEBOTOME.

What ?

* This was once in Vogue.

† This is at present the Taste.

‡ By this Speech we learn that *Phlebotome* was one of those Philosophers called Sceptics. They were remarkable for doubting if they could see, or doubting the Existence of whatever they did see ; like some Moderns who cannot, will not, or must not believe their Eyes, nor too critically attend to the Evidence and Examination of any of their other Senses. H. H.

SCARE-

SCAREBABE.

Your humble Servant.

PHLEBOTOME.

Either my Optics err, the visual Ray
Refracted, densely beams obliquely forth *,
Or thou art *Scarebabe*.

SCAREBABE.

Sir ; the same.
A Letter, Sir, from Squire *Fansly's* Mother.
She says he's Mad, and therefore begs your Wor-
ship
Will seize her Son, and put him into *Bedlam*,
'Till by your Discipline he's gain'd his Senses.

PHLEBOTOME.

She writes me here, bad *English*, but no matter,
I'll seize the Squire, and give him Castigation.
Conclude it done——have you more Bus'ness with
me.

* *Obliquely forth*—That is, the Rays of Light don't come in a direct Line but oblique. For Rays are made to converge when they are refracted towards each other by their being drawn from the Center of Convexity on the other Side, as by this Proposition will more plainly appear.

AB is to CD as the Lines of Refraction by Convexion, *i. e.* as q is to p , or p to q ; and as AB to EF so $(CD = \frac{p}{q} \text{ or } \frac{q}{p})$ AB to $\frac{p}{q}$ or $\frac{q}{p}$ NO; and, so is K:L to M:N; and, so is WX to YZ. Ergo, AB $\frac{p}{q}$ is as the Side of Refraction to the Angle of Incidence C:D::E. H. H.

† The Messenger telling the Purport of the Letter is very natural, for he might have looked over as she wrote, or read it before she sent it.

Enter CAUSTIC, with a black Eye.

CAUSTIC.

Seek not for Business; shun the rash Pursuit;
Behold, by Business, what to me's befallen.
Had I been born but Rich I had been blest'd.
Safe then each Day in indolent Ease;
Supine, my Life insipidly had slid.
Thro' the throng'd Park, I'd lazy lounge along,
Arm linked in Arm with my laced Coat compeers,
And dawdling dangle with affected Limp.
Or big with pleasing Contemplation stand
'Gainst the Pier-Glass, and look whole Hours a-
way *:
Then nightly trifle round Theatric Scenes,
Retailing Remnants of stale Repartée.
Or o'er th' exhilarating Coffee join,
In Speculations for the Nation's Good;
Or with harmonious Taste, or clenched Fist,
Direct * *Jack Broughton's*, or the Opera rule.

PHLEBOTOME.

Permit me Friend, by mild Request, to probe

* The Meaning of this is an Allusion to *Narcissus* looking at himself till, according to the Author of *Henry VII*, or the *Po-pish Imp'stor*; he vanished into nothing. H. H.

† *John Broughton*, formerly a Waterman, but for some Years last past remarkable for his Skill in the Science of *Offence*, call'd Boxing; and for the teaching of which he established an Ath-letical Academy to instruct the polite Youth of *London* in the Exercise of the Fist, and all the Dexterity of Cross-Buttocks. But as there are some too delicate to be taught with the naked Hand, he has Gloves lin'd with Hair, and quilted Breast-Plates, for the very fine Gentlemen to practise in.

Non his Juvencus orta parentibus, &c. HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 6.
There are also several more heroical Bruisers, who fight pitch'd Combats on his Stage, and to see which Half-Guineas, and Crowns, are given for Tickets. P. P.

Thy

Thy febrile Mind : I view thy Eye contus'd ;
Fist-swol'n perhaps ; exhibit thou the Cause.

CAUSTIC.

Ask thou the Cause : 'Twas Squire *Fanfly* did it ;
If I forgive it ; but it is no matter ;
Few Words are best ; so I'll relate it briefly.

As Yesternoon I thro' *St. James's* walk'd
With tuneful Sound, enquiring, as I past,
Who wanted Ease from the toe-troubling Corn,
A neat white-stockin'd Footman, down whose Ears
Two twisted Papers dangled (pendant thus
The string tied Cherry vibrates : Infant play)
In Squire *Fanfly's* Name, with courteous Air,
Requested my Attendance ; hapless Jobb.
Within th' unrefreshing Hall, high hung
With steely Trophies *, and the Huntsman's Spoil,
Chilly I wait ; at length my Patient's brought,
On Couch reclin'd, his Legs in Flannel wrapp'd † :
With tender Care, as I one Foot uncloath'd,
Full in my Breast the other he discharg'd ;
Prone § on the Ground I fell. As I uprose ;
Thro' the resistless Air, with agile Whirl
His Slipper, wooden-heel'd, he threw direct,
Luckless my Eye received it, flashing Fire.

* *Steely Trophies.*—Read it *silly* 'Trophies ; Weapons that were silent and unus'd. *Richard III.* The Hum of either Army *silly* sounds. P. P.

† *Wrapp'd*—Read it *lapp'd* ; the Word *wrapp'd* is an Interpolation : To be wrapp'd is to be bound tight, which was not proper in the Gout, as we suppose to be the Case with the Squire. P. P.

‡ *Prone.*—He could not fall *prone* ; for when a Man has a Blow on the Breast he falls backward. (Vide *Slack* upon *Broughton*. I therefore read, *Thrown on the Ground, I fell*.)

§ *I uprose*—Erroneous. It should be, *as I suppose* ; for we may suppose he was senseless by the Blow, P. P.

PHLEBOTOME.

These Symptoms indicate the Youth is Mad,
 As creaking Signs, or the thick throbbing Corn,
 Or Sink offensive, bode impending Showers;
 So the prognosticating Symptoms shew,
 The State Morbific. Diagnostics are
 Signals which Nature holds out in distress:
 Then the Physician, as a Pilot, acts
 To steer the Body from the Rocks of Death,
 And tide it safely to the Bay of Health.

SCAREBABE.

A Set of Sharpers now attend the Squire,
 And Leech-like live upon him: 'Tis To day
 He's come to Age, & * Open House he keep
 At *Beverage* the Vintner's.

CAUSTIC.

So, he may.
 No more of that for me, I sponge no more.—
 Who'd be that fordid sycophantic Wretch,
 To cringe, be kick'd, or flatter for a Dinner,
 And turn led Captain. No; if e'er I do,
 May I be bruised in every aching Limb,
 In the strong Blanket tofs'd 'twixt Earth and Air,
 By 'Jaculation dire,—fickly sport:
 So poor *Jack Needy* suffer'd †. Luckless Youth.

SCAREBABE.

I saw him tofs'd.
 A Sight, so dirty-sad, my Eyes did ne'er behold.

* This should be wrote *and at full*, and not, &. P. P.

† *So poor John Needy suffered*—it must be read: For, if you read it *Jack Needy*, the Sound of *Jaculation* in the preceding Line, and the Sound of *Jack* in the succeeding one, breaks all Hexamiter Harmony. H. H.

PHLEBOTOME.

So dirty, peace;
It is unutterable; yet, I'll tell it *.
In that wet Season, when descending Rains
Stream thro' the Streets, and swell along the Lanes.
When Mud obnoxious, o'er the Pavement spread,
Soils the white Stocking at each mirey Tread.
When the shrill Link-boy plies the Playhouse Door,
And Mack'rel pleasing Cry is heard no more.
When Strength-restoring Oysters are in prime;
Or, in plain *English*, it was Winter Time;
Then was *Peel Garlick* tofs'd.

CAUSTIC.

How did he bear it?

PHLEBOTOME.

At the first Tofs he puked, then loudly swore,
But when the Blanket burst, he said no more;
But dropt down swift into the common Shore.
O'erwhelm'd with Filth, he wallowed in the Mud,
And grop'd his Way out, flound'ring thro' the
Flood.

CAUSTIC.

Why must the Great have Privilege to kick,
And not the Poor return it? Partial Fate,
Domitian thus the Spider's Prey purloined †,
And tilted Flies for Pastime: Cruel Sport,
Ye Gods, why gave ye me a Monarch's Soul,
And wrapp'd it up in such a wretched Case.

* *Vide modern Tragedies for Precedents of this Style and Manner.*

† *Domitian*, the Roman Emperor, used to amuse himself with killing Flies, till he had destroyed the Maggot-bred Progeny, upon which it was wittily said, by a Philosopher, (who was asked if the Emperor had any one with him) no, not so much as a Fly.

PHLEBOTOME.

But see, who's this approaches? With what State
She seems to tread, and side-long how she holds
Her Hoop wide op'ning, O *Circean Cave* *.
Know ye the Dame.

SCAREBABE.

Yes, 'tis *Capriola*,
A Mistress' *Fansy* keeps, let us go seek the Squire.

CAUSTIC.

I know where to find him.

PHLEBOTOME.

Go you before, and I will follow after †.
Methinks I walk in Stilts, I'm so elated,
To have a wealthy Patient: o'the Rapture!
As *Gallen* has it in his second Chapter.

* This is an odd Epithet, and I am convinced the Author never designed it so; but by the Blunder of some ignorant Transcriber, it has crept into the Text. In the first Place, *Circe* never wore a Hoop. Secondly, she lived not in a Cave. Thirdly, but enough has been said to prove what it is not; let us consider what it is. This Doctor is a learned Man; he there speaks *Latin*, *Cave* beware; and the other Word is either calling her by her Name, which was *Cecilia*; as for Instance, Oh *Cicely*, beware, don't stumble; for she might hold her Hoop so high, that she could not look before her: Or else it is, Oh *Silesian* Cave; her Hoop might be made of that Sort of Stuff. P. P.

† This is very natural; for if one goes before, the other must follow after, unless, as it sometimes happens, on the Stage, for one to pull the other back, and so go out first, according to the old Proverb, he is *first* at last, though he was behind before. P. P.

Mr. *Pedasculus* has a Mind to be merry with his Proverb, and wrest the Author's Meaning to an Explanation never intended. To pull one back, and step in his Place, or get before him, is an Action, common to all Men, as well off, as on the Stage, and may be properly called, the Art of Supplanting. H. H.

Cathartics

Cathartics and Narcotics I'll apply,
Nephretics and Emetics we must try;
And drain for Drugs the Dispensary dry.
The Attorney thus to lengthen out his Suit,
Forbids Peace-making, and foment's Dispute;
Incessant Watches o'er his Client's Purse,
Makes good Things bad, and bad he makes much
worse.

So Squire *Fansly*, if I can allure him,
I'll make him mad, and afterwards I'll cure him.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter CAPRIOLA, and Servant.

CAPRIOLA.

Away; go troop, or I will tread your Guts out.
Arietta, o'the Sing-song dirty Trull,
For her neglected?

SERVANT.

Be but easy, Madam.

CAPRIOLA.

And shall a bunting Ballad-finger hold him?
Sooner shall Spaws with Kennel Water flow;
Sooner shall Modesty Preferment gain;
Sooner I'll hang myself, and there's an End on't.

SERVANT.

Here comes the Lady.

CAPRIOLA.

O! the dirty Minx.

E

Enter

Enter ARIETTA *.

ARIETTA.

Are you the Wench whom they *Capriola* call?

CAPRIOLA.

Yes, Miss Mock-modesty, what then?

ARIETTA.

————— That's all.
Some People are impertinent, 'tis true,
And wou'd rob other People of their Due,
But, Ma'am, excuse me, I don't think 'tis you.

CAPRIOLA.

Good lack-a-day, and so they bid me tell you,
Lord I shall faint, but I despise such Creatures †,
If I must talk, it shall be to your Betters.
Your Impudence, all *Billingsgate* exceeding,
Declares you know not what belongs to Breeding.

ARIETTA.

Madam, you're humble, but you're so notorious,
I dare not talk, you know the World's censorious.

* This is a Scene of Altercation. I cannot help reminding the Reader of the Diversity of Scenes, Stiles, and Similies in this elaborate Performance. And herein I follow the Steps of the Editor of Mr. *Pope's* Works, who has pointed out to every Reader, all the Species of Writing, the Author of *the Essay on Man* used in the latter Part of that Poem, doubting, or despising the Capacities of his Readers; or else imagining, that Philosophy and Poetry are always to be examined by classical Scale and Compass, like the Mathematician, who only read *Virgil*, to examine by the Map, how, Navigator-like, he had conducted *Aeneas* in his Voyage. H. H.

† It is pronounced Creters. P. P.

Shou'd

Shou'd my Friends see me hold you in Discourse *,
I shou'd be thought as bad as you, or worse.

CAPRIOLA.

As bad as me ! Ill-manners I detest,
Begging your Pardon, you're a nasty Beast.
Have you forgot how high in *Drury-Lane*,
Drench'd by the Drippings of the drizzling Rain,
On broken Bedstead, deck'd by dirty Rugs,
You nightly snor'd, bit by blood-loving Bugs ?
At Morning's Dawn you left your stinking Flocks,
To foot Silk Stockings, and to mend old Socks ;
In Winter Evening, you'd the Parish teize,
With bak'd Ox Cheek, or calling out grey Pease.
At Midnight strole along the silent Lane,
And draggled, sneak to Garret back again.

ARIETTA.

Methinks, Ma'am, you're drest in a delicate Taste,
What a Pity it is your Complexion won't last ?
How her Cloaths are hung on, and how set is each
Feature,
Let me die, but I think you're a comical Creature.
But least the Dispute, by bad Words, shou'd grow
long,
I'll the Argument end, Child, and give you a Song !

Enter JACK HANDY.

JACK HANDY.

Stand clear, make way, bear back, get farther
off †.

E 2 CAPRIOLA.

* To hold you in Discourse—or to force Discourse, Phrases
of Course.

† Here you have in this Line, the whole Exercise of the
Lovee.

CAPRIOLA.

Why, what's the Matter, pray good Captain *Puff*?

JACK HANDY.

Young Squire *Fanfly*'s coming, that's enough.*Enter Squire FANFLY. BEVERAGE kicking
his Drawer *.*

FANFLY.

At length, my Friends, at last is come the Day,
The long-expected, the long-talk'd-of Day,
This Day of Days, and now we'll make a Night
on't †. *(Huzza.)*

GAMBLE.

Permit me Squire to join this happy Cry,
And as I stand on Tiptoe with you joy.1st. *Stand clear.* The great Man rises to go to his Coach.2d. *Make way.* The Dependants are drawn up on each Side.3d. *Bear back.* They squeeze against the Wainscot.4th. *Get farther off.* Those who have forgot to see the Porter, and forced to stand on the Outside of the Door, now must leave lounging against the Rails.* However queer it is to be kicked, and though it may not be pleasing to feel, it is to see, since it is practised on the Stage with great Applause. *H. H.*Think not, Reader, I am intending to ridicule the Tastes of an Audience, or imagine they cannot distinguish. Far be it from me, to hint at such a Falsity: But I would fain have the Actors never endeavour at Applause, by any Buffoonery, or debase the Dignity of Nature, by uncouth Grimace, and supply the want of true Humour with farcical Face-making. *H. H.*† How to make Night of Day, I cannot reconcile this Line. I have often, indeed, heard Persons talk of making a Night on't; and out of Curiosity, I once went to see some Spirits perform; but they made nothing on't, unless making one another drunk, could be termed making any Thing. *P. P.*

FANFLY.

FANFLY.

Tom Gumble, Friend, thy Merit's truly great,
Whether you crack a Joke, or break a Pate;
I've seen thy Stick, high brandish'd o'er the Foe,
Flash on his Face, and bleed him at a Blow;
Then o'er the Midnight Glass, I've heard thee
speak,
And Puns, like Hiccups, from thy Bosom break:
So like thy Wit, embottl'd Small-beer works,
Flies frothy up, and rumbling bursts the Corks.
And thou, my *Beverage*, I've seen,
Trip up the nimblest on the Green,
And heard thee in stentorean Sounds,
Out-roar the deep-mouth'd op'ning Hounds:
So have I heard, amidst the Shouts
Of Bonfires, Mobs, on Powder Plots,
A snapping Cracker shake the Plain,
And bounce and burst, and bounce again.

BEVERAGE.

But you've done more, what's all that we can
show,
To what the Squire has done, or what the Squire
may do?

FANFLY.

What I have done? (but 'tis not fair to boast,)
Can none remember, and yet sure all must,
How I disputed once with the fam'd *Henley*? *
When

* Vulgarly called Orator. *Vide Dunciad.*

I have heard the Author of this Parody, several Times disputed with him. If so, I really think he has very truly depicted himself. *H. H.*

This is a Parody on the Speech of *Alexander the Great*.

Can none remember? Yes sure all must.

*When Glory, like a dazzling Eagle, stood,
Perch'd on my Beaver, in the Granic Flood,*

When

When Folly, like a chatt'ring Magpie, sat
 Full on my Forehead, thro' the whole Debate,
 On Wings of Bats between us Dullness bore,
 And Common Sense stood trembling at the Door,
 Words wav'd on Words, on Nonsense, Nonsense
 roll'd,
 And I myself appear'd the greatest Scold.

ARIETTA comes forward.

O *Arietta*, O my warbling Dear,
 Whose Voice is sweeter than the tuneful Sound
 Of well-match'd Beagles, op'ning in full Cry;
 Thy Eyes are brighter than the Glow-worm's Light,
 Thy Cheeks are redder than the ripen'd Peach,
 Suffer thy Swain those fragrant Fruits to reach.

CAPRIOLA goes between.

CAPRIOLA.

That I forbid, nay, start not, Sir, 'tis I,

ARIETTA.

Turn this Way, Squire, this Way cast your Eye *.

SONG.

*When Fortune's Self, my Standard trembling bore,
 And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore,
 When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
 And I myself appear'd the leading God.*

* *This Way cast your Eye.*

It will be very proper, for the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Theatre, the younger Sort I mean, to be very perfect in this Exercise of the Eye, and also in the verticular Motion of the Head. For it is a common Practice among them, to talk to the Pit, more than to the Performer that's along with them; and also, when they are spoke to, it is proper for them to seem to mind what is said, and not, while a Description is related to them,

S O N G.

By the Joys of Embrace, when entwin'd in my
Arms,
While languishing Love fill'd our Eyes,
You murmuring swore, you'd be true to my
Charms,
And sealed it with short-broken Sighs *.

F A N F L Y.

Bravo, my Life, my lovely *Arietta*,
There——there's my Purse, if you want Money,
take it,
But take not me, for I am all *Arietta's*.
Sooner shall Jews fly Jesuits become,
And Presbyterians kiss the Toe of *Rome*.
Wits follow † *Whitfield*, Whores adore plain Deal-
ing.

St. Giles

them, or any Story that affects the Personage they represent, be looking round the Audience for their Acquaintance, &c. P. P.

* *Love fill'd our Eyes*—Nonsense—Loving filling the Eyes, and Murmurs, and *short-broken Sighs*. These are all unnatural Phrases, fit only for Novel-Writers, &c.

It is now several Years since my first Cohabitation with my Wedlock-joined Friend, and though Nature calls for a Satisfaction of carnal Appetite, Posterity for an Encrease of Inhabitants, and even Marriage Laws demand fulfilling, I never met with any of the abovementioned Languishings. They are heterogeneous to the Improvement of our Specie, and since we are commanded to increase, we should go about to obey that Precept, as Philosophers, as Scholars, and as wise Men ought to do, soberly and coolly, as we should take off a Glass of Wine, not madly and voraciously, as intoxicating Epicures swallow Pint-Bumpers. P. P.

† *Whitfield*, an itinerant Field-preacher, who was followed by Multitudes of both Sexes, whose weak Minds were startled by the terrible Anathemas he vociferously thundered against them.

Distress upon Distress.

St. Giles's to *St. James's* shall remove,
Sooner than I'll neglect this Lady's Love.

CAPRIOLA.

Squire stand off, I'll—— O thou saucy Slut,
E'er I bear this, I'll—— Let me go, Sirrah.

ARIETTA.

What wou'd *Capriola's* Mutton-Fist be at?

CAPRIOLA.

Your negro Nose, *Arietta*, that is flat.

FANFLY.

So pendant cross a Line, I've oft seen hung,
Two tail-ty'd Cats, and spitting as they swung;
'Teeth gnash with Teeth, with Talons Talons jar,
'Till scratching ends this caterwauling War.

CAPRIOLA.

Where shall the wretched *Capriola* waddle?
Upon Misfortunes now I sit a-straddle*.
Will you not kiss me, Squire?

FANFLY.

Fiddle faddle.

them. He set himself as a Refiner of the Christian Religion, in a Manner repugnant to all Rules of Decency, Morality, or Good-manners. The Reasons, I believe, which prevented him being put a Stop to, were chiefly owing to his Insignificance, no Divine thinking it worth his while to contend with him.

N. B. These Things happened at a Time, when the Works of *Boyle*, *Barrow*, *Lock*, *Addison* and *Tillotson* lay unheeded, on dust-fill'd Shelves, and within a few Years of that remarkable Era, called the Year of the Bottle-Conjurer.

* This is a very pertinent Simile, to sit a-straddle upon Misfortune, i. e. to ride the wooden Horse of Adversity.

ARIETTA.

ARIETTA.

Your Absence, Madam, will prevent reproach,
Will you walk off, or will you have a Coach?

CAPRIOLA.

Trollp, 'tis well, at length, my ebbing Pride
Returns again, swift as a high Spring-Tide :
And by this Box, this *Pinchbeck*-Box, I swear * ;
Which never more this Pinch of Snuff shall share,
I, unconcern'd, Inconstancy can bear.
I'll take a Link my self, and light you Home ;
Nay, make your Bed, and sweep you out your
Room :

But first a Pound of Gun-powder I'd buy,
Under the Bed it secretly shou'd lye ;
Then take a Match, and to repay this Evil,
I'll blow you both together to the Devil.

(throws Snuff in Arietta's Face, and Exit.

ARIETTA.

O, Squire *Fansly*, I am almost choak'd ;
How cou'd you leave me for a Slut so saucy ?
How did you get her ? tell me ; I'll forgive you.

* *Pinchbeck* — Pinchdeck'd Box it should be. It means to deck it with a Pinch of Snuff, or to be deck'd with a Pinch of Snuff. H. H.

Whether it should be *deck'd*, or no, I cannot tell certainly, since greater Men than me have been divided about using that Word : For, in the *Tempest*, Act I. Scene the Second, there is the Word *deck'd*, according to Mr. *Theobalds* ;

Who deck'd with Tears the Sea.

Oxford Edit. *Brack'd with Tears the Sea*, i. e. Made the Salt-Water brackish.

Warburton. *Mock'd with Tears the Sea.*

Dr. Bentley. *Stock'd with Tears the Sea.*

I say, *repugnantibus omnibus*, it should be, *flock'd*, i. e. The Tears *flock'd* to the Sea. P. P.

FANFLY.

So I will.

Once on a time, past Twelve o'Clock at Night,
When ev'ry Lamp was out, and at each Stand
The drowsy Watchman snor'd, thro' the dark Street;
No Flambeaux-blazing Chariot flash'd along,
But gloomy Night in humdrum Silence mop'd;
Disguis'd with Drink, and for a Frolick fit;
By help of Ladder, rais'd to mend the Roof,
Hap'ly I stole, unheeded, to her Garret.

BEVERAGE.

'Twas lucky, tho' you did not break your Bones.

FANFLY.

So it was.

I found the sleepy, trapish, tipling, Fair
Snoring, supinely, on a three-legg'd Chair.
A ragged Stocking hid one tawney Fist,
Drawn, like a Muffatee, a-down her Wrist.
Drop'd by her Side lay diff'rent colour'd Yarn,
With which the industrious Nymph was wont to
darn.

A twinkling Light within the Socket gleam'd;
I reel'd to reach it, and the Damsel scream'd:
I snatch'd the Fair, half-waking, to my Breast;
And then; but mum, I must not tell the rest*.

ARIETTA.

O, the dear Rake, the lovely midnight Rogue;
O, I cou'd jump into a Ditch to meet thee,
And wander with thee in a Winter's Rain.
Let pimpled Prudes on Citron Waters dote

* I think our Squire is something more modest than *Lothario*
however. P. P.

And may stale Maids their sleek-comb'd Lap-dogs
love ;

For thee, my Dear, imperial Tea I'd spill,
Forgo the Fashion, and forget Quadrille.

FANFLY.

Here this Coquets, curse on your Constitutions,
My Heart dances a Hornpipe ;
I am I know not how ; but when 'tis Night
I will do——what I will.

ARIETTA.

And so you shall.

Go now, and take a Bottle with your Friends ;
But stay not late, nor come not Love in liquor.
Like the poor Turtle I shall sit forlorn,
Waiting to welcome you, and have the Bed warm'd.
(Exit.

Enter SYBILLA, the Governess.

GOVERNESS.

Sir, if you please, a Word or two with you.

FANFLY.

Madam, your humble Servant ; how do you do ?

GOVERNESS.

Well, Sir, I thank you, and hope you're so too.

FANFLY.

Here! bring some Wine.

GOVERNESS.

I'll drink none as I live.

FANFLY.

Pray, Lady fair, one single Glass receive.

GOVERNESS.

No ; pray excuse me.

FANFLY.

Pray excuse me Ma'am.

One single Glas can never do you Harm.

GOVERNESS.

Well, Squire, I vow you're such another Man,
 I'm quite confounded ; but, since here I am,
 And I must drink, my Dear, I'll drink a Dram. }
 (*Drinks.*)

But to my Purpose, Sir, you are to know,
 Since my poor Husband's Death, who left me low ; }
 Tho', little did he think it wou'd be so. }
 I've kept a Boarding-School, 'tis now three Years,
 To shew young Misses Plain-work and their Pray'rs.
 I form their female Minds, I mend their Tastes,
 Teach them to read and raise the various Pastes,
 To knot the bordering Fringe, to whip the Seam,
 The Lawn to flourish, and to skim the Cream.
 Amidst the pretty, prattl'ing, playing, Fair,
 (By their kind Parents trusted to my Care,)
 There's one Miss *Languish*; handsome, on my Word,
 And rich enough to make a Man a Lord *.

FANFLY.

For me, perhaps.

* *To make a Man*—then *Spunge* should say, *O Lord!* It is a natural Exclamation, of a Man much indebted himself, upon hearing of a Woman who would make a Man, to break out into such a Surprise—*O Lord!*—For the future therefore it must be thus ;

—handsome, on my Word,
 And rich enough to make a Man.

SPUNGE, ———— *Ob Lord!* P. P.

GOVER-

GOVERNESS.

Perhaps so——Lack-a-day.
 Yet who knows that ; for, as some Folks will say, }
 We're gone To-morrow, tho' we're here To-day. }
 All our first Bread we're certain where we eat ; }
 The Wifest knows not where his last he'll get ; }
 For tho' we're born we are not bury'd yet.
 But to my Purpose ; tho', as I was saying,
 Miss *Molly Languish* ; well, a-lack-a-day ;
 Indeed 'tis pity ; so, indeed, you'll say,
 She pouts, she glouts, she moaps, she frets, she
 fumes,
 And all for what ? Why for a Husband truly :
 But how do you think all this is brought about, }
 Why Love and Murder always will come out, }
 As my Spouse us'd to say—that's without Doubt†.

FANFLY.

What's this to me Ma'am ?

GOVERNESS.

Why, Sir, you shall hear.
 There is a Fellow that belongs to you,
 Who, like a Peacock, struts and makes a Shew,
 Has turn'd her Head, and makes her talk of Wed-
 lock ;
 Of losing Maidenheads, and merry Christ'nings :
 This Fellow follows us from Street to Street,
 Winks thro' the Windows, ogles her incessant ;
 At Meals at Home, on *Sunday* at the Church ;
 No Place is free, he frights me with his Stares,
 He spoils our Dinner, and disturbs our Prayers.

† *Without doubt*—alluding to the Apothegm of Pythagoras's
 Daughter, *sine dubitante*. H. H.

FANFLY.

What is his Name?

GOVERNESS.

Spunge, Sir, I think, he's call'd.

FANFLY.

Go, somebody, and seek him.

BEVERAGE.

Here he comes, unlook'd for.

Enter SPUNGE, drunk.

FANFLY.

O, come hither Scoundrel:

You spunging, shifting, sharking, shuffling Wretch,
Who, Spaniel-like, at well-fill'd Tables waits. —

GOVERNESS.

Ay, Mr. what d'ye call'em; marry come up—

FANFLY.

Nay; give me leave, Madam. Hark ye, Sirrah.
How dare you?

SPUNGE.

Be fuddl'd, I presume:

Why, I have been drinking Bumpers to your Health,
And, if you grudge it Sir, why then, good-bye to
you.

FANFLY.

Hold Sir, take one Glas more before you go †.

(Throws Wine in his Face.)

† Wit.

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE.

How soon you see a modest Man is dash'd †,
It's damn'd ungen'rous tho', to give me Wine †
And hit me in the Teeth with it.

FANFLY.

You'll go a Courting, will you, courting Ladies,

GOVERNESS.

Ay, and fine Ladies too. Meat for his Master.

SPUNGE.

Had I been sober, tho' you are a Squire,
You had not dared to strike me.

FANFLY.

Dared not, damn you.

SPUNGE.

Damn you; no, you dare not.

FANFLY.

Give me a Horse-whip, Cane, a Mop, or Beesom.

† More Wit.

‡ Most Wit.

These are the three Degrees of Comparison in *Wit*. The first Degree is the *HUM*, *i. e.* endeavouring to impose on the Credulous, *e. g.* He says, he will give him another Glass of Wine; but, how does he give it? The other stands ready to take it; but, how does he take it?

The second Degree of Wit consists in the Action of throwing a Glass of Wine. This may be properly called, *Wit-pantomimical*, just like throwing Tobacco-Pipes out of a Joke, burning Waiters Wigs in fun, scorching the Shoes of their sleepy Companion, or blakening his Face, or hiding his Pocket-book.

The third is, the *Paranomasia*, or Pun, to dash and hit.

GAMBLE.

G A M B L E.

O Sir, have Patience*.

F A N F L Y.

Preach Patience to your Creditors, you Block-head †:

Where is the Scoundrel?

S P U N G E.

Who is it you mean?

F A N F L Y.

Go to the Pump you Sloven, and get clean.
Go pump him, that will wash him, for he wants it ‡.
(bits a Mop in his Face.

S P U N G E.

Be warn'd ye Youths, ye ever-thirsty Souls,
Who fond of Frolicks, doat on midnight Bowls;
By my Example learn to shun my Fate,
How wretched is the Man who loves to prate:
If you can Work; O! stick to what your Trade is,
Strong Liquors leave, and making Love to Ladies.
(carried off.

F A N F L Y.

Wou'd ye, fair Maids, our secret Failings scan,
And as you pick your Laces chuse the Man.
Tho' Lace bespangled hides the strong clos'd Seam,
And the Paste-Buckles o'er the Instep beam:
Tho' o'er the Hat the Milk-white Feather's spread,
The plummy Play-Thing shades a brainless Head.
Did ye but know the gay embroider'd Coat

* The Supplication.

† The Replication.

‡ The Application.

Oft cloaths a Coxcomb, oft conceals a Sot.
But 'tis in vain, fatally fond of Shew,
You see, and sigh in secret—Heav'ns! a Beau
You wish to wed—and often after find
A rotten Carcase and a wretched Mind.
Splendid thus monumental Marbles shine,
Tho' foul Corruption fills the gorgeous Shrine.

BEVERAGE.

Now, if you please, Sir, we'll go in to Dinner.

FANFLY.

With all my Heart, *Tom Beverage*, make some
Punch * :
Then, like a Thing, o'me the mad *Macedonian*,
Like *Cæsar*, *Cyrus*, or like any other.
But why shou'd I of any other tell,
None but myself can be my Parallel † :
Then, like my self, exalted will I stand,
With a Pint Bumper in my lifted Hand ;
Time, Life's worst Load, in Liquor shall be lost,
And at each Glass we'll sacrifice a Toast :
Nocturnal Rites, uncheck'd by saucy Care,
To Joy-inspiring *Bacchus* we'll prepare ;
God of good Fellows, Vintage-blessing Power,
O beam propitious on our social Hour,
With smiling Bowls we'll Laugh the Night away ;
We'll love To-morrow, but get drunk To-day.

* *Punch*—from *Punic*—base, treacherous ; because it often steals away our Reason. P. P.

† This Line is partly geometrical, partly mathematical, part'y mechanical, and partly neither, H. H.

End of the First ACT.

1944-1945

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

Second A C T.

IN this second Part, the Reader, if he will give himself the Trouble of looking over them, will find some Notes which seem as if design'd to drole on Mr. *Warburton's* Observations. They were so. For though Mr. *Warburton* is universal in Learning, he is not quite so perfect in Judgment and Taste; unless like the great Mr. *Addison*, he suffers Prejudice to get the better of both.

EVERY Part of *Grammar* he is Master of, yet there is one Part of Speech he is sometimes deficient in; which is, *Good Manners*: This, I think, is obvious to every Reader, who will peruse his Notes on SHAKESPEAR; for, he has, out of the Fulness of his Spleen, been pleas'd to load The *Players* with several gross, undeserved, Epithets throughout his Annotations.

FOR, whenever any Interpolation, by an ignorant Transcriber, has been foisted into the Text,

he is not content with casting the Odium on the Players, but immediately adds the Epithets, *foolish, infamous, impertinent, or prophane*. Certainly he must forget SHAKESPEAR was a *Player*; if he does not, in regard to so great a Genius, he might treat his Brethren with a little more Lenity.

THE Usage the Actors have received from him urged me,

*The Meanest in Renown;
The poorest Trifler of the Town,*

to twirl a Sling against this *Classical Goliab*; for, I think, every Person belonging to the Theatres has a Right to treat that Man with Ridicule, who endeavours to throw them into Contempt.

LIKE Scaliger, he quits the Gentleman when he takes up the Critic, and thinks a Multitude of Learning will atone for an Abundance of Rudeness; but, with Submission to his Scholarship, Good-Nature is as far before great Learning, as the Actions of the Heart to the Intentions of the Head.

*Good Nature and good Sense for ever join;
To err is Human, to forgive Divine.* POPE.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *a Tavern, all sitting round.* GOVERN-
NESS *asleep on one Side:*

FANFLY.

HERE's to our noble Selves, and those that
love us;
All drink it deep, and make the Welkin roar,
With Undulation dire. Sound away.

Enter BEVERAGE, GAMBLE, and SPUNGE.

How now: Did I not order you shou'd pump that
Fellow?

BEVERAGE.

So we wou'd, Sir, but for one cogent Reason.

FANFLY.

What was that?

BEVERAGE.

He would not let us.

FANFLY.

Oh, oh.

BEVERAGE.

Hear us with Patience, and we'll tell our Tale.

GAM.

G A M B L E.

This memorable Day, to After-times,
Shall stand recorded as a Day of Wonders,
While Windows shall with Verse obscene be
scratch'd :

While Thieves die sniv'ling in *Sternboldian* Rhymes ;
While the luxurious Rich love *Ranelagh* ;
Or while the Poor on *Sunday* fill the Fields,
This Deed shall live in *Month's Magazine*.

B E V E R A G E.

Upright, amidst my Stable-Yard, firm-brac'd
With Iron Hoops ; Spoils of well empty'd Casks ,
Deep in the Ground transfix'd, there stands a Pump,
Well known to Carriers, and to scolding Queans ;
Whose Heads have oft beneath the Spout been
drench'd * :

Salubrious

* *Bent duck'd*, it should be, for it implies their Heads were stooped, or bent, under the Pump. Think not Reader this E-mendation unnecessary, since our best Critics seldom change Words to better Purpose, *e. g.*

Merchant of Venice. Act IV. Scene the Second.

Shakespeare. *The Danger formerly by me rehears'd.*—Spoke by Warburton. *The Danger formally by me rehears'd.* Portia.

If you think fit, *vide Bentley's Note on the Words sacred and secret in MILTON.*

Another Alteration, here I beg leave to insert, of Mr. Warburton's.

Mercutio's Speech of Queen Mab, he says she comes,

In shape no bigger than an Agate Stone set in a Ring.

Mr. Warburton, will have it, *In shade*, *i. e.* like a Comet.

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

A *Volscian* tells *Meninius*, that *Coriolanus*, will front his Re-venges with the Groans of old Women.

The virginal Palms of their Daughters

i. e. The held up Hands.

The palsied Intercessions of old Dotards.

That is, the Mothers may beg, the Children supplicate, the Fathers intercede in vain.

Mr.

Salubrious Stream ; for female Tongues a cure ;
At your Command he underneath was plac'd.
My Ostler ready at the Handle stood,
With out-stretch'd Arm ; but as we sometimes see
The watching Cat leap on the Mouse surpriz'd,
And grasp her hard ; so swift he sideway sprung,
And seized my Servant with athletic Gripe,
Trip'd up his Heels ; then swung him swiftly round,
And sous'd him over Head within the Horse-pond.

G A M B L E.

Then with a Look, fierce as Bum-bailiff's Face,
He grasp'd, with raw-bone Fists, the deep-fixed
Pump,
Squeezing it close, then writhed it too and fro,
From the Foundation loosening, by the Roots
Uplifting tore it, with *Herculean* Hurl,
Upon the flinty Pavement flung it down ;
Horrid to see, and shiver'd it to splinters,

F A N F L Y.

Tom Spunge, your Hand—you have been very
filly ;
But let that pass, no Man is wise at all Times *.
That

Mr. Warburton will alter *Palms* to *Pasmes*, or *pames*, from the French *Pasmer* or *Pamer*, i. e. *Swooning Fits*.

Was the learned Critic to be ask'd, What Occasion for Notes on these Places ? could he tell us he made the Text better ? — No ; more intelligible — no. Why, then all these learned, laborious Annotations — Why, for the same Reason Butchers blow Veal, to make the Commodity swell, and sell better.

* *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.* — Here Reader please to observe by this, and several other Quotations, truly classical, our Author was a Man of great Learning. 'This I think proper to premise, lest After-ages should dispute whether he had any or no ?

As by the famous Play-Writer, SHAKESPEAR, we have an Example ; who several will not allow to have been a Man of
any

That Colt, got by bay *Bolton*, I will give you :
 In some frequented Inn, I'll set you up,
 And for a Sign you shall hang out a Pump ;
 But now sit down. *Tom Beverage* sing a Song.
 Shall I get drunk, or shall I not, my Friends :
 Let me consider ; 'tis a Point precarious :

To drink, or not to drink, that's the Question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in a Man to suffer
 From Gout, or Dropsy, by outrageous Drinking,
 Or prudent arm our Reason 'gainst Debauch,
 By Temperance to cure them. Let me think :
 If by a social Glass or two, we cure
 The Vapours, and elate the Woe-worn Mind ;
 'Tis a Prescription which ev'ry Wretch shou'd take.
 To thirst—to drink—to drink perhaps too
 much.

Ah ! there's the Rub—the Fear of getting drunk
 Adorns Sobriety with all its Charms ;
 Else, who'd Attendance and Dependence feel ?
 Who'd gloomy sit, on rainy Days at Home ?
 By Weather mop'd : Who'd be by Spleen oppress'd ?
 Or, sorrowing, sigh for an ungrateful Fair ?
 Bad Luck at Hazard, or worse Luck at Law ?
 When each, at once might lay Remembrance dead *,
 Did

any Learning ; tho' we must be Men of Learning ; ay, and good
 Learning too, to read him. *P. P.*

* *Lay Remembrance dead*—Ay, but how—Why, by drink-
 ing to be sure, that must be his Meaning.

There is a Line in SHAKESPEAR'S *As you like it*, of striking
 dead, spoke by the Clown, which has been altered, and inter-
 preted, I think, very oddly. The Line is,

Did not the Dread of being sick next Day,
Or the worse Dread of not knowing how to pay,
Puzzle Desire, and make us rather choose
To stay at Home, in Poverty and Thirst,
Than run into Diseases, and in Debt?

Enter D R A W E R.

D R A W E R.

An'please your Worship, here's your Huntsman
wants you.

F A N F L Y.

Let him come in.

Enter H U N T S M A N.

Well, what's the Matter, Sirrah?

It strikes a Man more dead than a great Reckoning in a little Room. The Oxford Edition alters it to *a great Reeking in a little Room.* Mr. W. denies that, keeps to the original Text, but says, the Line means that the Bill was very extravagant, and every Thing the Guests had, very bad and mean.

So in Edgar's Description of Dover Cliff, the Surge that o'er the idle Pebbles plays. Idle there, Mr. W. says, means barren, uncultivated. Now, would not it do, if we considered them, as idle, to lie still, and let the Water pass over them?

What occasion for a Note there, and such a forced Interpretation?

Another, as forced an Interpretation of this modern Scholiast, we find on a Line in *Love-Labours lost*, Act I. Scene 1.

This Child of Fancy, Mr. W. says, *Shakespeare* calls them, *Children of Fancy*; not for being beholden to *Fancy* for their Birth, but because *Fancy* has its *Infancy* as well as *Manhood*.

Vide his Note on *Romances* at p. 260, at the End of the above-mentioned Play.

H U N T S M A N.

HUNTS MAN.

As I sat smoaking in my Landlord's Kitchen *,
 I heard a mighty Holloooing in the Streets :
 I left my Pipe, and run to know the Matter.
 I saw *Capriola*, in a mighty Hurry,
 Heading a Mob, and throwing Money to them :
 She brib'd the mercenary Dogs to march
 To *Charing-Cross*, and break Miss *Ary's* Windows.

FANFLY.

Thus from the Glass, I rise to save my Love,
 Go call a Coach, on Wings of Wind-mills move ;
 Swift as the Bullet, bursting from the Gun,
 Rattling like Thunder, thro' the Streets we'll run, }
 And when we're there, we'll see what's to be done. }

(*Exeunt.*)

* This Description, I cannot say, requires any Explanation; but as I am not willing the Reader should lose any Observation, especially those that are right-worthy to be read, I here shall offer to his Consideration, one of Mr. *W.* on the Entrance and Words of a Servant in the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Scene 7.

A Servant tells his Master, that twelve Labourers have made themselves all Men of *Hair* to dance. Mr. *W.* observes, that Men of *Hair* signifies Men nimble, and that the Phrase is taken from Tennis-Balls, *because they are stuffed with Hair*; so that the Sense is, *they are stuffed with Hair*.

Now when they enter, it happens they were all dressed like Satyrs, all in shaggy Dresses made of *Hair*, which was what the Servant meant; but his Interpretation is like the Foreigner's, who mistook the Words, under a Sign, *Money for live Hair*, to signify, *Money for living here*.

SCENE

SCENE, a Bed-chamber.

* *ARIETTA asleep in a Chair, GHOST walks on with a Candle.*

GHOST.

In dismal Ditty, doleful sounding Verse,
I'm sent thy Fall, *Arietta*, to rehearse.

(*Bell tolls.*

But hark the Bellman summons me away,
If I had Time, I had much more to say.

(*Exit.*

ARIETTA.

(*Wakes.*

Methought I heard a melancholy Tone,
Well, from henceforth I'll never lie alone;

* The scrupulous Exactness that Mr. *W.* pays to the coming of *Hamlet's Ghost*, here must be remembered.

Hamlet tells the Ghost, *Be thy Intents wicked or charitable.*

Mr. *W.* will have it, *Be thy Advent wicked or charitable.*

Now, be judge, O Reader, how nicely this is altered.

The Son says, *Be thy Intentions good or bad*, this is plain.

The Critic says, *Be thy Coming good or bad*, not quite so clear.
H. H.

The Ghost says, according to *Shakespear*, *Confined fast in Fires.*

According to Mr. *Warburton*, *Confined too fast in Fires.*

To shew Mr. *W.* that I can alter as well as himself, nay, and amend his own Edition, behold an Example.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder Dog,

His venom Tooth will rankle to the Death. Warburton.

2. Margaret, Richard III. Act I. Scene 3.

I say it should be,

His venom Tooth will rankle thee to Death.

I was a-dream'd, as how a Ghost was here,
My Cap stands right up, and I quake for fear.

(*Noise.*)

O me, what Noise is that?

Oh! 'Squire, 'Squire, 'Squire, 'Squire, 'Squire!
In Straw-fill'd Sty, thus have I heard a Swine
Sigh for her Mate, for her Companion pine;
Send thro' the senseless Pales, her snuffing Groans,
Eccho'd by squeaking Pigs in shriller Tones.

(*Goes to the Door, and shrieks.*)

*Enter CAPRIOLA, with a Bottle in one Hand, and a
Pbial in t'other.*

CAPRIOLA.

At last she's found, now by my best Brocade,
I'll not depart, 'till I have sluic'd the Jade*.

(*ARIETTA behind the Skreen.*)

* *Sluic'd the Jade.*—It should be, fous'd the Jade.

Sluic'd is too indelicate a Word for a fine Lady to make use of. I think it is the Business of every Commentator, to be nice in regulating the Ideas of his Characters, or else we may construe Expressions, put into the Mouths of nice Ladies, to very gross Meanings. Well has Mr. W. shewed us an Example of that, by his Note in *King Lear*, Act I. Scene 2, *Regan* says, *Which the most precious Square of Sense possesses.* On this, he thus judiciously, delicately remarks.

By the Square of the Senses, we are here to understand, the four nobler Senses, viz. Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, and Smelling; for a young Lady could not, with any Decency, insinuate, she knew of any Pleasure which the fifth afforded.

He is so very nice, in Respect of the Senses, that he will not allow them to be *pierced*. It is not right he thinks, so he alters a Line in *Lear's* Curse,

From A Father's Curse pierce every Sense about thee.

To A Father's Curse pierce every Fence about thee.

Come

Come forth, thou Wretch, thou Robber of my Right,
Think not to skreen thee from thy Rival's sight *.

ARIETTA.

I hear a Voice, coarse as the Fish-Wife's Throat,
Whose Sound was loud as those who Flounders cry,
As harsh as Sand-Boys, or as Brick-Dust Sellers :
† Thy foul-mouth'd Tongue, all *Billingsgate* ex-
ceeding,
Declares you know not what belongs to Breeding.

CAPRIOLA.

Trollop, I scorn to force Discourse unto ye,
But hear, ye Slut, come do as I command ye, }
Drink me this Bottle off of *British* Brandy?

* Here is a Piece of Wit which may pass unnoticed by the Reader, if I do not put him in Mind of it : It is this—

Think not to skreen thee.—Memorandum, she is gone behind the Skreen.

† *Foul-mouth'd Tongue.*

In *As you like it*, you may meet with the Word *foul*.

Foul is most *foul*, being *foul* to be a Scoffer.

This I believe is obvious to the meanest Capacity. Homeliness is made worse, if the Ugly pretend to rail at the Deformed.

But the Sagacity of Mr. *W.* renders it,

Foul is *foul*, being *foul* to be a Scoffer. And declares, the Repetition of *foul* is too absurd to come from *Shakespear*.

Playing upon Words was not *Shakespear's* greatest Beauty, but it was very much his Practice. Allow me, Reader, to give you, a Specimen of Mr. *W.* playing upon Words himself.

He, in his Notes on the Witches of *Macbeth*, their Charms, and Incantations, says, as extravagant shocking and absurd all this is, the Play has had the Power to charm and bewitch every Audience, from that Time to this.

And since I have offered a Specimen of his Humour, give me Leave to exhibit one of his Wit.

In the same Play, he says, after some Account of the Sun, and its Rays, Optics, &c. *a Rainbow is no more a Reflection of the Sun, than a Tune of a Fiddle.*

Drink

Drink it all up, or else, by all my Woes,
Full in your Face, this *Aquafortis* goes.
Be quick, be quick, immediately obey me,
I'll mark you else, Miss, tho' the Squire slay me,

ARIETTA.

What, wou'd you poison me? Sure you're but
jesting.

CAPRIOLA.

No Words, I charge you; but now pray be
tasting.

ARIETTA.

Let me conjure you, Madam, pray excuse me?
I never wrong'd you, why shou'd you abuse me?
I, like fair *Rosamond*, in *Woodstock* Bower,
Am sacrific'd to *Eleanor's* fierce Power.

CAPRIOLA.

Not wrong'd me! O thou tinsel trapish Trull,
O give me Patience, all ye sheepish dull;
Ye hen-peck'd Husbands, and ye oft-kicked Cow-
ards!

No rather give me Rage, remorseless Rage,
Fill with fell Hate, my Breast ye Prudes disgrac'd.
Ye antiquated Toasts, give me your Spleen?
Ye Gamesters, Goalers, and ye purse-proud Traders,
Give me your merciless stern Minds a Moment?
Now, by my Soul, you Jade, unless you drink it,
Upon thy white-wash'd Face this Phial flies,
Levels thy Nose, and burns out both thy Eyes.

ARIETTA.

(Drinks.

Oh! oh! oh!
I'm in a dismal Pickle.
Like a Tetotum, my poor Head is whirling.

As

As School-boys make the giddy Top run round,
So reels *Arietta*, 'till she drops to Ground.

[*Enter Squire FANFLY.*

FANFLY.

O Brimstone, thou shalt sleep to Night in Bride-
well.

Thou Cinder-sifting, dirty, stroling Punk ;

Oh *Arietta*—— Oh ye Powers—— she's drunk.

ARIETTA.

I am, indeed ; I'm in a sad Condition.

Oh ! I am sick. What's that which dances by me ?
Behold the Tea-Table is all a-float ;

See Tea-Cups sailing, Tea-Spoons turn'd to Oars,
Chairs, Night-Gowns, Pillows, Lap-Dogs, Cards,
and Counters,

Oh ! Water, Water, Oh——oh—— (*Sleeps.*

FANFLY.

At length she's dumb, her nimble Tongue stands
still,

Her talking Faculties by Sleep are numb'd,

And ev'ry Sound has left her silent Lips.

O thou sweet-pleasing Sleep, whose ebon Wand,
With drowsy Poppies wreath'd, can slumb'rous
charm

Ev'n Ladies Tongues, and at thy wond'rous Touch,
Silence is fix'd on tattle-loving Fair.

CAPRIOLA.

Since then, to Night, you can't this Lady see,
Come, my dear 'Squire, come along with me ?

FANFLY.

Avaunt, get out, I'd rather see a Tipstaff.

CAPRIOLA.

CAPRIOLA.

Yes, I will go, curse on your steady Muscle.
 Oh! I cou'd hate myself for being kind
 To savage Man, the only Beast untam'd,
 Each Brute, from Instinct, feels a separate Taste,
 But motley-minded Man mimics them all.
 First, like a Spaniel, fawning, then puts on
 An Ape's Grimace, and Monkey-like he plays,
 Sly as the wily Fox, insidious plots,
 Or rudely rushes, like the Mountain Bull,
 And all to win poor, weak, defenceless Woman.
 But when Desire by full Possession's cloy'd,
 Like secret skulking Moles, they coward hide,
 Or bray, like stupid Asses, of our Favours.
 Woman to undeserving Man was given,
 The last best Gift of ever-bounteous Heaven,
 Fond, like a Child, at first the Play-Thing pleas'd,
 But soon, too soon, the self-same Beauty teiz'd;
 He cries to change, and sighs for other Toys,
 Idiot-like dotes, or savage-like destroys:
 While wretched Woman-kind betray'd, like me,
 Can only curse the Sex, as I do thee *.

(Spits at him, and Exit.)

FANFLY.

Put her to Bed, and let's go in to Supper,
 And, in Despite of Grief, let us be merry †.

The

* This *Tag* is in true Tragedy Taste. Here are a Parcel of trite Common Place Similies crouded together, and half a Dozen Verses at the End, which is on Purpose, that the Heroine may make a graceful *Exit*. H. H.

† This is right. *And in Despite of Grief, &c.*

So *Antipholis*, in the Comedy of *Errors*, Act III. Scene 1, says, *And in Despite of Wrath, mean to be merry*; for he has received several Rebuffs from his Wife, and is resolved to go to another House.

And

The Sweet-heart thus her bonny Sailor leaves,
And yields reluctant to th' wind-rai'd Waves,
Turns quick, and views the Vessel with a Fright,
Stretching away, and less'ning to her Sight,
Sighing, at last she sees it lose the Shore,
Then looks, and looks, till she can look no more.

A Midnight S C E N E.

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE.

'Tis now the Dead of Night; so much the better.
Lamp, by your Leave, —— shew Light to read this
Letter?

Honoured Sir,

Hoping these Lines in Health will find you well,
As I myself am, I make bold to tell,
If you, to Night, to our Back-Door repair,
When it strikes Twelve, you'll surely find one there.

Now, grizely Night, thy pitch'd Tarpaulin spread,
Black as the sooty Chimney-sweeper's Sack;
Snore, ye bed-wanting Bunters, on each Bulk;
Wake not, ye Watchmen, while I warn my Love,
Molly, Miss Molly, O Miss Molly, Molly——
But see the Casement opens, she appears,
And spreads a sparkling Light along the Lane.

M I S S.

Who's there?

And in Despite of her Wrath, be merry.

But Mr. W. renders it,

And in Despite of Mirth, mean to be merry.

I

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE.

My Dear, 'tis I, your True-love, *Spunge*.

MISS.

If I, poor Girl, do trust myself with you.
May I depend, Sir, you'll be always true?

SPUNGE.

By yon pale greasy Lamp that twinkling burns;
By the still Silence of this Tongue-ty'd Night;
By this sad Soul that snores, immes'd in Drink——

MISS.

O do not swear——I do indeed believe,
So sweet a Tongue sure never can deceive.
Here take this Bundle?

(*As he takes it, a Noise is heard within, of, Bring him along; the 'Squire is carried across the Stage, and the Watchmen seize Spunge, and carry him off last.*)

SCENE, the Watch-House.

Constable asleep, Watch asleep, all asleep.*

Enter SPUNGE.

1st. WATCHMAN.

An please your Honour's Worship, Mr. Constable, I have reprehended an auspicious Fellow, and made bold, as it is my Duty, an it please you, to bring him before your Worship.

CONSTABLE.

Where did you reprehend him?

* *All asleep.* A fine Instance and Emblem of Tranquillity.

2d. WATCHMAN.

Just by, he stood hiding himself as I and my Partner came by, and thought, as how it might be proper to take Care of him. Whereby, least he should rob any Body, we took this Bundle from him.

CONSTABLE.

Oh, oh; ay, ay, he's a Thief sure enough, and I know a Thief as well as the Beggar knows his Dish, as the Song says. Come, Sirrah, who are you?

SPUNGE.

A Gentleman.

CONSTABLE.

Yes, yes, you shall be hang'd like a Gentleman*. What's your Name?

SPUNGE.

Spunge.

CONSTABLE.

Spunge! Oh Mr. *Spunge*, you shall be squeez'd dry enough, before we have done with you.

(A great Laugh.)

1st. WATCHMAN.

Ay, Master Constable's a parlous Man at a Joke. And how came you by that Bundle, Sirrah? Did not you steal it?

SPUNGE.

No, Sir.

* This is quite in Nature: For it is common for an inferior Officer of Justice to sentence every Man, who is brought before him; to drole on the Distresses of his Looks, or his Drefs, and to make him out a Rogue by the Force of Physiognomy.

CONSTABLE.

No, Sir ; no, Sir. But I say Yes, Sir, you did, Sir, and you'll be hanged, Sir. Here's a Rogue for you, first robs, and then denies it ; telling me, his Majesty's Representative, a Lye to my Face. But now you shall hear how I'll prove him a Rogue : First and foremost, as I said before, he must be a Rogue, because he denies it, for that's always the Trick of a Rogue : Next, he must be a Rogue, because, at this Time, all honest People shou'd be in Bed : And lastly, he must be a Rogue, because ——— because ——— Who did you belong to, Sirrah ? What Complices have you ?

SPUNGE.

I belong to 'Squire *Fanfly*.

1st. WATCHMAN.

O ! he's gone to Bedlam ; they carried him away To-night.

SPUNGE.

If he is mad, then I'm indeed undone.
Farewel the noble Treats, the nimble Race,
The eager Cockings, and all studious Whist ;
No more shall I, the well-wax'd Cork unscrew ;
Who'll now the noisy Dun's tumultuous Voice,
With Pill-*Peruvian* stop ?

CONSTABLE.

Carry him into the next Room, while we consult about him. Now, Neighbours, as you were saying, the 'Squire was mad, I am a saying, this Man is mad also. D'ye hear how he talks about a Cock and a Bull ? So ye that took him, shall carry him to Bedlam, and I'll take Care of the Bundle, and deliver it to the right Owner, when I can find one, and so let Justice take Place, and good Morrow all. — Break up the Watch.

SCENE

SCENE *the last.*

BEDLAM.

Enter the Squire's MAMMA, *and* PHLEBOTOME.

MAMMA.

Sir, tho' you have my Son, yet pray be gentle,
Let him be mildly brought again to Reason.

PHLEBOTOME.

Madam, will it please you, stand by, and observe him,
You then shall see my Method, and, no Doubt,
You will approve the Medicines I prescribe.
(*A Noise is heard within, of Singing, rattling
Chains, Roaring, &c.*)

Enter a LADY.

LADY.

Your Grace's most devoted, my Lord, your
humble; pray let me see you at my Drum To-
night, there will be Miss *Rout*, Madam *Racquet*,
Lady *Hurricane*, and the Dutchess of *Helter-Skelter*.

MAMMA.

Pray who is this?

PHLEBOTOME.

A kept Mistress, who run mad, because a Tradel-
man's Wife took the Wall of her.

Damn the *Dutch*, I say.

(*Within.*)

PHLEBOTOME.

O! here comes the Dancing-Master: He lost his
Senses, studying Politics.

Enter

Enter DANCING-MASTER.

DANCING-MASTER.

I say, Sir, the *Dutch* can't dance, Sir. For, suppose, Sir, now all the Princes in *Europe* at an Assembly, the Queen of *Hungary* opens the Ball, and the King of *Prussia* puts her out. The *French* figure in and out just as they please; the *Dutch* don't dance, Sir, but keep serving every Body with Tea and Coffee.

PHLEBOTOME.

What do the *English* do, Sirrah?

DANCING-MASTER.

Oh, oh, the *English*—Why they pay the Fidlers.

Enter SHOEMAKER:

SHOEMAKER.

I'll pay no Body, Sir, I'm for Liberty and Property, and damn all Taxes.

PHLEBOTOME.

This was a mad Shoemaker; his Skull was crack'd at an Election.

SHOEMAKER.

Huzza, Liberty for ever—and *Old England* always. Friends and Fellow-Craft, I am come among you to promote Peace and good Neighbourhood, and I'll knock any one down that dares deny it. It's Time that all Taxes were made an End of, for before Taxes, every poor Man was as good as a Lord; we cou'd have Liquor for nothing, and Meat without Money. Therefore, I say, no Taxes.

Enter

Enter GAMESTER.

GAMESTER.

I say done to you.

PHLEBOTOME.

This is a Gamester ; he run mad after Religion.
What's the most Odds against a Man's going to
Heav'n ?

Enter BARBER.

BARBER.

The World wants Shaving.

PHLEBOTOME.

This is a Barber's 'Prentice, who run mad with
Metaphysics.

GAMESTER.

What's the most Odds a Man goes to Heaven ?

BARBER.

Heaven is immaterial, abstracted from infinite
Space ; for the World lies in the Clouds, as a
Wash-Ball in a Bason of Suds : Therefore, Gravi-
tation's consider'd as a Predicament of Matter, by
the same Parity of Reason.

GAMESTER.

What's the most Odds against a Man's going to
Heaven ?

SHOEMAKER.

Sirrah, you are a Placeman ; you want to make
Int'rest at Court, Sirrah.

Enter

Enter POET.

POET.

And rumbling, grumbling, and I'm cold and queer.

PHLEBOTOME.

O! this is the Poet; his Play was damn'd, and he run mad upon it.

POET.

This Play, Sir, is call'd, *The Deluge*: It opens with a Soliloquy of one of *Noah's* Sons, who is lamenting the Loss of his Perriwig, which was spoil'd in the Rain.

Now does the rumbling Thunder rend the Sky,
 And crawling Caterpillars trembling fly.
 Now purring Cats the nimble Mice pursue,
 And boneless Ghosts turn twinkling Candles blue.
 The light'ning Flashes, thro' the fiery Clouds,
 Scare the bold *Titan's*, and all *Homer's* Gods,
 And while the Combat lasts, all Heaven's at
 Odds.

GAMESTER.

I'll take the Odds, I say done first.

Enter Squire FANFLY.

MAMMA:

O my poor Child, my *Fanfly*?

FANFLY.

Who's that calls?

O my Mother! Is it you? O let me out,
 Release me from this Wretchedness, I'll promise
 To offend no more; no more with Rakes to run,
 But live your loving, your obedient Son.

MAMMA.

M A M M A.

Come to my Arms, my rash, unthinking Child,
And let me fold ye : Thus, the cackling Hen,
When the stray Chicken's found, with joyful Clucks,
The tender Nurseling laps beneath her Wing.

F A N F L Y.

Farewel all Drinking, and the Joys of Love,
By all the Gods, to study I'll remove ;
I'll live by Book, and learn to think by Rule,
And quite forget that I was once a Fool.

P H L E B O T O M E.

Well, since you both so well agree,
This is a Day of Jubilee,
Ye mad Inhabitants advance,
And, like yourselves lead up a Dance.

D A N C E.

K

T H E

M A M M A.

Come to my Arms, my rattle, unthinking Child,
And let me fold ye: Thus, the cackling Hen,
When the first Chicken's found, with joyful Clucks,
The tender Nourishing, beneath her Wing.

H A M M Y.

Farewel all Drinking, and the Joy of Love,
By all the Gods, to findy I'll remove:
I'll live by Book, and learn to think by Rule,
And quite forget that I was once a Fool.

P H I L O T O M A.

Well, since you both so well agree,
This is a Day of Jubilee,
Ye mad Ishabianians advance,
And, like yourselves lead up a Dance.

D A N C E.
4 AP 54



T H E